

Indian reformer. His tribute to what Christian missions have done for his land, frank, hearty and thoughtful as it was, would seem to be a sufficient answer to the easy critics of foreign missions.

After the singing of "Priyakara Hindistan," Mr. Tilak's patriotic hymn, which is fast becoming the national song of India, the chairman of the afternoon, Sir Henry Proctor, a noble and influential

citizen of Bombay, added his strong testimony as to the worth of missionary work in India, and with "God save the King" and the Doxology the first meeting of the centenary was closed.

In the evening, at nine o'clock—they have strange hours for services over here; the afternoon meeting began at 5:30—we gathered in First Church, where the rest of the meetings are to be held, for the exchange of fraternal greetings. The chairman, Rev. Henry Fairbank, welcomed all the guests, as did Mr. T. Buell for the Indian Christian community. Five-minute responses were made by a dozen representatives of other missions in Western India, South India and Burma, for delegates are here from as far away as Rangoon and Ceylon.

For three days more assemblies of one sort and another marked the several aspects of this century's achievement. A pageant of scenes from the history and work of the mission, enacted by missionaries and Indian Christians, was held on the church grounds. An historical session presented sketches of the hundred years, the founders—Mr. Hall speaking upon his grandfather, Rev. Gordon Hall—and the Indian pioneers. Sunday was marked by public worship, with the communion, in which the members of the mission, the guests, and the native community joined; by an afternoon service in which the thank-offerings of the people were brought into the Lord's house; and by an evening "Kirttan," or praise service, at which a cantata prepared for the occasion was sung.

Monday was devoted to children's and women's meetings, and to the final service in the evening, at which the pastor of the church, Rev. J. Malelu, presided; the theme was, "The Forward Look," and a half-dozen Indian leaders spoke on "What the Indian Church Should Achieve in the New Century." Dr. Capen closed the celebration with an address on "The American Board's Message for the New Century."

The jubilation has not been confined to the four days provided by the official program. The commission from America reached Bombay a week in advance of that time, and from the moment of its landing the festivities were on. We were met at the Ballard Pier by a delegation consisting of the two Humes, father and son, Rev. William Hazen, secretary of the mission, and a group of Indian men and women from the church bearing garlands and bouquets, which they presented to the travelers. Thus adorned we rode through the city—rather a contrast to the reception accorded Hall and Nott one hundred years before—to the church compound, which we entered under flags and banners and between rows of dark but smiling faces, to the music of songs and hand-clappings.

Thus began a series of welcomes that seemed inexhaustible: a meeting at which the church greeted us through the representatives of its various organizations; another at which the Bombay Christian Association, representing all missions and Christians in the city, did likewise, in both cases decorating us with garlands till the platform looked like a flower show. We have had the privilege of entering the homes of some of the distinguished citizens of Bombay, Hindu and Parsi.

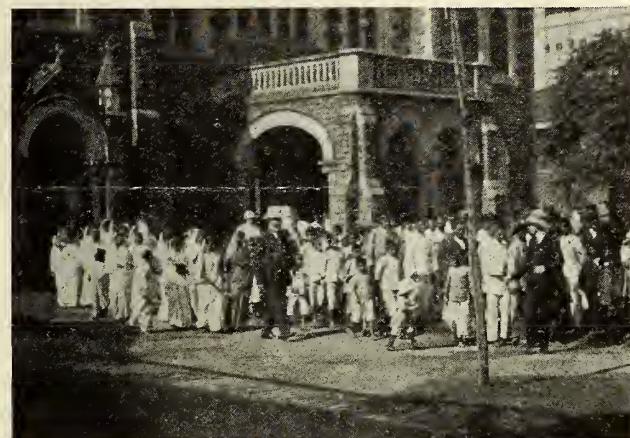
The men of the party have been entertained at tea by the resident members of the Bombay branch of the Servants of India, the most significant native organization to-day for the uplift of India, of which Mr. Gopal Gokhale, India's foremost citizen, is the founder. The ladies enjoyed a "purdah party" at Mrs. R. E. Hume's bungalow, where they met ladies of rank and influence in the city, such as the president of the Bombay Woman's Club, the

ex-rani of Baroda and Jhankibai, the Florence Nightingale of India.

All sorts of dinners have been tendered us, from one by Dr. Gurubai Karmarkar—a native meal, served on the church lawn, where we sat cross-legged before our leaf-plate piled with unnamable dainties—to a highly European repast at the superb Taj Mahal Hotel, spread for us by the hospitality of Mr. J. A. Ramage, manager for India of the Singer Sewing Machine Company and a loyal member of the Old South Church, Boston.

Between these festivities we have been kept busy inspecting the mission compounds and the work done in them. Flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, hang from the several buildings; banners carrying the word "Welcome" over arches and approaches, streamers and strings of colored paper flying from verandas, and most of all, perhaps, the smiling and watchful faces of school boys and girls brighten the scene, whichever way one turns. Bowker Hall, the girls' dormitory, the Blind School, the Little Boys' Home, Dr. Gurubai's Dispensary, the high school, the kindergarten, each deserves and repays a visit.

Just now the high school building is given over to the centenary exhibit, where are displayed the historical treasures of the mission, early books and pictures, the tombstone of Gordon Hall's grave, that was stolen but was recovered by Mr. Ballantine; samples of mission work also, from the schools and industrial plants of Bombay and Ahmednagar. One of Mr. Churchill's improved hand looms is in operation in one room; in another the blind school's basketry and chair work are displayed; lace work and embroideries by the girls have their section; brass work and rugs have been brought from 'Nagar. All in all, it is a remarkable demonstration to the eye of what is being done in these institutions.



AN INDIAN CONGREGATION LEAVING HUME MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Some New Reminiscences of Lincoln, Our "Messiah of Liberty"

By Frank N. Riale.

I have just been spending an afternoon with one of the rarest of God's mothers of Israel. She is "above the eighties," and resided in Springfield, Ill., from her earliest childhood days till 1870. Her father was one of the leading elders in the First Presbyterian Church, where Lincoln attended church regularly. Her uncle was Colonel Mathes, one of the warmest friends of our first great martyred president. So deeply did he love him that he had a temporary tomb prepared in his own yard in which the remains of our great Messiah of Liberty might rest till the completion of the great monument in Oak Ridge Cemetery, where all that is mortal of one of the most immortal rests until the great judgment day. I asked her if she personally knew Lincoln. At once came the quick reply, "Know him! I knew him as well as I know you." And that was no slight acquaintance by any means, for the dear good woman has been a warm friend for years. She has been away from Springfield so long, and her life has ever been so away from the great whirl of the world, that she naturally has not had her first impression changed by the glory and the glamour that greatness ever casts as a halo over the great with the passing years.



BOWKER HALL, GIRLS' SCHOOL, BOMBAY.

She most vividly showed me Lincoln as the folks saw him, who mingled with him day by day before he was taken out of obscurity and placed upon fame's pedestal, on which he will stand as one of the rarest of the rare and the greatest of the great for all coming years.

I let "Grandma Baker" tell her own impressions, just as they naturally came back to her. It was one of the rarest memory snapshots, one of the truest to nature's pictures of the man that was one of the truest to nature that ever lived: "I think the thing that all of us girls felt about Lincoln was that he was actually the homeliest mortal that ever lived. We would just die laughing at his awkwardness. I don't think any man ever could have been more homely or awkward than Mr. Lincoln was. When we girls saw him coming along the street we would step aside and let him go by, and then say laughingly, Did you ever actually see a greener, gawkier fellow than he. His dress, too, was pretty near in perfect keeping with his homely face. He walked along kind of slovenly, and was bent over even in his earliest years.

"My father used to tell me how the neighbors said he was a great boy to read. He worked in a lumber yard a while. The man that owned it said he would knock all the lose knots out of the boards and keep them to make a light at night to read by. Then someone gave him an old iron lamp in which we used to put the grease and a piece of cloth for a wick. After Lincoln got that the man that had the board yard said, 'He had no more ruined boards.'

"But Mr. Lincoln *always* went to church. We would see him strolling down the street Sunday morning just as regularly as the church hour came. He did not belong to the church and would never join. This made my father, who was one of the most Godly old Scotchman, say that he did not think there was much to Lincoln, that he would not come out and show his colors and take a firm and open stand on the Lord's side. But he never missed church, no matter what kept others away.

"The thing that struck all of us girls also was that his wife was just as pretty as he was ugly. We used to think there was no prettier woman in Springfield than Mrs. Lincoln. She was our ideal of what a woman should look like. The way she dressed was the envy of us all. Her 'low neck and short sleeve' dresses on social occasions was a great contrast to the way the rest of the Springfield women dressed. We thought it made her the prettiest woman in the world. But she never attended church with her husband. I don't think I ever saw them together there at a regular service. That was what my father also always said in his later years, after Lincoln's fame became world wide. She was always attending parties and theaters and was a great woman for the society life, but she seemed to have little interest in things that her husband had. Robert often used to be seen in church with his father in his earliest years. But soon he was not there any more and was seen almost always with his mother, especially at the theater. My good father, who was one of the old, strict Covenanters of Scotland, when he heard later of Lincoln being shot at a theater, said, 'Well, that was no place for a man to be.'

"The great thing that always impressed me deepest about Mr. Lincoln, and also did my father and us all, was that it did seem

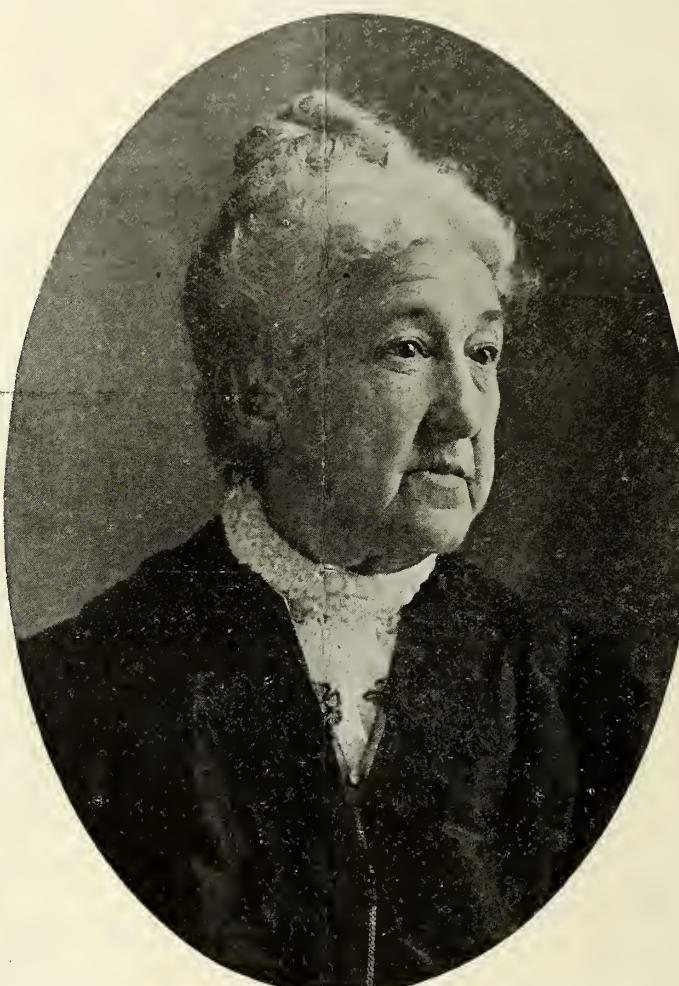
that Lincoln was the humblest and meekest and most child-like man I ever saw. He seemed to be so quiet and serious. He never said anything in church; just went and sat through the service and went out without any words. If anyone would speak to him he seemed to be so shrinking and so meek. He seemed just as timid as a little child. That stands out in my mind about him more than anything I can recall. Then, too, he seemed to love everybody so. No matter where he was, he was always having some kind word for everybody. When he was in his first campaign he would shake hands with people, and my father said that he was just trembling all the while, as though he was ashamed to have them bother themselves about him." Then the dear, good woman said, "Yes, he was the humblest and most child-like man I ever saw. Everybody loved him, and he seemed to love everybody."

"When that little man Douglas came down to speak at Springfield once I saw Lincoln make a speech at the fair grounds. There were great loads of fence rails brought in from around the country

and were hauled through town. There were banners carried also, with the words on them, 'The Rail Splitter,' and, 'Honest Abe.' Everybody felt that he was the most honest man that could be found. He was as honest as he was homely and childlike, and that meant a good deal, for, as I said, in downright ugliness he outmatched them all. My father always wondered how it was that he could ever have been called upon to become president when he was like a child, without the wiles of men who get into power. But he afterward said, 'God must have surely raised up this man for the fall and rising again of many in the great on-march of the freedom of the world.'"

How clear it is that this simple, unvarnished tale of but a child observer of this great man caught the great things in Lincoln's life that made him one of the first and foremost true Democrats of the world! "When ye see him there is no beauty that ye should desire him." But "God looks not upon the outward appearance, but upon the heart." He was making a man for the ages. In humble reverence he walked before God. Silent as the centuries, but as true as a compass to the pole did his heart point straight to the Almighty as the one alone to be the world's everlasting guide. He was hum-

indeed, this man, whose heart blé. "Meek as Moses" was, touched all the people and whose head was beyond the stars. In his childlikeness he found his Messiahship. In his humility he found his everlasting strength. In his love he found himself bound to the hearts of the people, as in the great familyhood and fellowship of humanity that made him a man whom the common people heard most gladly. All have felt, since his death, he gave up his life for the people with the same great joy and sense of divine duty that Calvary recorded the great eternal sacrifice of the world. He was honest to the core. This made him "the noblest work of God"; for such indeed all the world feels, with the poet-seer, the truly honest man is and must ever be. He walked humbly and lovingly with men. He walked softly and continually with God. This made him the man of the people, the Messiah of human liberty, and one of the greatest martyrs in all the ages that gave up his life for the good and the glory of the world.



"GRANDMA BAKER," WHO KNEW LINCOLN WELL.